

1075/26
93
THE
CUCKOLD'S
SERMON,
PREACH'D

At *Fumblers-Hall* on *Wednesday* the 18th of
October, being *Horn-Fair Day*; before the
Worshipful Society of *Cuckolds* and *Cuckold-*
makers, for the *Edefication* and *Improvement*
of that *Ancient* and never failing *Art* of
Cuckold-making.

By *Dr. Make-Horns*, Chaplain to that noble
Society.

Text. *Ro. Pe. 2 Book v. 9.*

Since Cuckolds all to Heaven go,
Why should we Grieve for being so;
Break your Horns, lead patient Lives,
And praise the Mercies of our Wives.

L O N D O N,
Printed and Sold by the Booksellers of *London*,
and *Westminster*, 1704.

THE CUCKOLD'S SERMON.

Text. *Roc. Po. 2 Book v. 9.*

*Since Cuckolds all to Heaven go,
Why should we Grieve for being so ;
Exalt your Horns, lead patient Lives,
And praise the Mercies of our Wives.*

BEloved, before I can proceed to explain the several branches of my Text, I must answer Two Objections that naturally arises from it, *viz.*

And First, why is a Text of this nature in Verse, and Secondly why not in the *Proverbs*, To which I answer: I have made choice of Verse rather than Prose, because I have a merry Auditory who may have occasion to Sing it while their Wives are Scolding, in order to prevent the plague of being mad Cuckolds instead of patient Ones, Secondly as for my omission of taking my Text out of the *Proverbs*, is for no other reason than out of respect to

this Pious Congregation, who being for the most part of them Cuckolds, by consequence hate the Name of Cuckold-makers, and *Solomon* being the greatest that ever I Read of, I durst not be so presumptuous as to fetch a Text from him: For let me tell you, it is no good breeding to talk of a Halter, in a Gentleman's House whose Father was lately Hang'd, and for me to speak of such kind of Workmen in a place that is so well furnished already, would altogether be needless and Impertinent to my purpose.

But now having answered the aforesaid Objections, I shall endeavour to stick as close to my Text, as a Bride to her Husband the first Night, and be as mindful of it as a Miser of his Money Baggs &c. Well then, *Since Cuckolds all to Heaven go*, observe, Beloved the word all, and that beforegoing namely, Cuckolds, *they go to Heaven*, not by two or three in a Company, as Knives walk in London, *not one but all*; Why then Beloved is not this a great Comfort and Consolation? after hard Labour in Digging Gravel and the like? I say (in the words of my Text) *Why should we grieve for being so*; No, Beloved far be it from any of this Gracifull Assembly, to be of the House of Mourning, but rather Rejoyce that your Horns are Exalted above your Bretheren, rather rejoyce that your industrious Wives have taken such Care and Pains to make you Chri-

thians when you were almost Infidells in your Faith and Professions.

Again I say rejoyce, that you are not accounted in the number of those Coxcombs who put their Horns in their Pockets; tho they find not one Jack under the Candlestick; when to your praise be it spoken; *your Horns are Exalted above your fellows*: And why? because of your invincible Patience, by sticking so close to the Doctrine of *Passive Obedience And Non-Resistance*; you know it is Written, *he that humbleth himself shall be Exalted*, which you have found true with a witness, especially you City Cuckolds who to make sure work, keeps the Stallion at Bed and Board in your own Houses to be ready on all occasions to supply your own defects and your Wives craving desires: You are the true Cuckolds of Perfection, you are the only Lamps that shine in our Streets, and the only Ornaments of this Days Solemnity: 'Tis for your sakes dear Hornified Bretheren that we yearly meet here on so Laudable an occasion, and necessary a Custome.

It is not with you, beloved Bretheren, as it is with a Jealous Cuckold, who having a Handsom Wife (a gift which Heaven often bestows on those sort of Christians) being a afraid every Man that looks on her should lye with her too, watches her as narrowly as a Hen does after her Chickens to preserve 'em from the Kite; no, no, to give you your due,

instead of hindering your Wife's Pleasure and your own Advancement, you are so civil sometimes to ride out of Town on purpose to promote the cause; And I am very glad to find the Effects thereof in this numerous Society; for I have observed with a great deal of Satisfaction since I mounted my Prattle Box, that the Seats and Galleries are stow'd as full of Cuckolds as they are in a Cheapside Ballconies at my Lord Mayors Show, gazing like a Drove of Bullocks through one anothers Horns at the Triumph's of the City.

But to return to my Text, from which I have a little Disgress'd, a Fault too common to our Profession, I shall draw to a Conclusion, by way of Exhortation, *I say, Exalt your Horns*; that is make the best of your Cuckaldom, since your Wives makes you all sure of Heaven, make all the Advantage you can on Earth, improve every Minute of your precious time, make Hay while the Sun shines; your Wives Beauty will not last always, for as that Decays your Horns will Wither, and your head Ornament will fall so far short of being Supported by your Wives Tails as formerly, that it will (if you han't a care) quite empty those Baggs it has fill'd: I shall Descend now in the last Place to treat of the close of my Text, and so Conclude, viz: *Lead patient Lives, and Praise the Mercies of our Wives*: That if you see your selves Cornuted, turn

your Backs: I say turn away your Eyes from those Vanities; And to uphold Peace in your Family, give all the opportunities that possibly a good Natur'd Cuckold can be capable of, in order to oblige the tickling Fancies of a buxum Bedfellow, whose natural desires (for any thing I know) may far exceed your Abilities, and if so, as it often happens, 'tis the best way to give her Liberty, for English Wives can't endure a Spanish Pad Lock, according as the Poet hath it.

*Young Women all, both great and small,
Altho some look like Saints;
Frail Flesh and Blood, can't be withstood,
But must have what it wants:
Then tis in vain, Wives to restrain,
For't often brings a Curse,
It still inspires, their warm Desires,
And makes them ten times Worse,*

I have now no more to Insist on, but that one Head of *Praising the Mercies of our Wives*; But perhaps some may say, why Praise *The Mercy's of our Wives*; And wherein does it consist, to which I Answer, ought they not be prais'd for making us Cuckolds, and consequently Christians, and are they not praise worthy in venturing their Bodys for the good of our Souls; it being a long received Maxam, that Cuckolds go to Heaven,

And then for the mercys of our Wives, I'm sure its apparent enough; for is it not a mercy that they did not make us mad as well as make us Cuckolds, and a great mercy they did not Hang us as well as Horn us, and Poyson us instead of preserving and promoting us to the Honour of Knights of the Forked Order; To conclude in order to give you a Discription of this uncommon Fair, take this short Character of it; it is a place where 'tis as rare to see a Person of Credit, as to see an honest Man in Newgate; a great many Thieves, but very few Persons that have any thing to loose, abundance of *Beggars* and few to Relieve them; The Fair seems to stand bounded between God and the Devil, (if a Man of my Cloath may lawfully say so) for the Church stands at one end of it and a Musick House at the other; Tis a Sanctuary for ill Manners, a Protection for Rudeⁿes, a Looking Glass of Confusion, and the Destruction of Wooden Ladles and Horns of all sorts and sizes: And so much shall suffice for this Horn Lecture, to my Horned Bretheren.

The Original occasion of *Horn-Fair*.

IN the time of King John, when Religion was not powerful enough to keep a Prince: Cod-piece close Button'd, no more than it can now infuse Charity in a covetous Priest, not far from Charleton, where Horn-Fair now is kept, Dwelt a Knavish Miller, who having a handsom Wife,

which King John having seen in his Hunting in those parts, was so Enamour'd of her that he was resolv'd to make the Miller a Cuckold; which was agreed to at last by the Millers Spouse, yet so cunningly, that she gave her Husband notice when the King was to enjoy her; who accordingly took them as they were in the very height of their Pastime, at which time pretending not to know his Majesty, he took him up in his Arms and threatned to throw him into the Mill Dam, which so affrightned the Royal Cuckoldmaker that he beg'd his Life, which was granted on Condition, his Majesty would give the Miller all the Land one way as far as he could see, which his Majesty readily consented to; upon which the Miller set him down civilly and Left the King to finish what he had begun, waiting, tho with some Impatience till his Wife like a good and loyal Subject had submitted her self to her Dread Sovereign: As soon as the fategue was over the Miller demanded his promise of the Royal Cuckoldmaker which was granted, and thereupon bid him look as far as he could see on one side the River all which he should possess as his own, paying only this Annual acknowledgment on the 18th of October viz to walk to the farthest bounds of his Estate with a large pair of Bucks Horns on his Head, attended with all his Family, on neglect of which his Land should be forfeited, which was done accordingly and a Charter granted for that purpose, and upon this occasion is the Land Enjoy'd and the Pair held to this Day. FINIS.